

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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The Literary Week.

THE results of our Special Competition will be announced in a Special Supplement in next week's issue of the ACADEMY.

It is evident that in suggesting "The Romance of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford," as a good subject for an historical novel, "M. C. B." was something of a seer. Last week Mr. Frank Matthew wrote to say that he had been at work upon a romance based on the fall of Strafford for some months. And now Miss Dora McChesney writes to tell us that she has been gathering material for a romance on Strafford's career for the last five years. Mr. Matthew wrote: "I don't want to seem guilty of priggishness on someone else's idea." Miss McChesney writes: "I should not care to have it appear that the theme was suggested to me by any chance mention." We shall be pleased to register any other timely declarations on the subject.

THE first number of the *Daily Express*, Mr. C. A. Pearson's new morning newspaper, will appear on Tuesday next, April 24.

TO-MORROW (Saturday) the *Daily Mail* will print the first of a series of South African letters from Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The sum collected by the *Daily Mail's* clever working of the "Absent-Minded Beggar" poem exceeds £97,000. This is at the rate of £2,000 a line.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has in hand a new series of animal stories on the lines of the "Just So" stories. He was moved to write them by the receipt of a letter from the seven-year-old son of Mr. Doubleday, his American publisher. Little Nelson Doubleday demanded to be told "How the Elephant Got His Trunk," "How the Giraffe Got His Rubber Neck," and "How the Kangaroo Got His Long Legs." Mr. Kipling has done his best to oblige, and the story of the elephant and his trunk has already appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

THE eagerness of Americans to read new novels can only be described as astonishing. Hardly a month passes but a new candidate leaps into favour, and into a circulation that must rouse pangs in the breasts of many British authors. The latest recruit is *The Gentleman from Indiana*, by Mr. Booth Tarkington. Its growth in popular favour is tabulated in one of the leading American weekly papers thus:

4,667 copies were sold by November 1.
8,498 copies were sold by December 1.
13,015 copies were sold by January 1.
17,763 copies were sold by February 1.
22,646 copies were sold by March 1.

In the first week of March alone, over 6,000 copies were sold.

A remark of the *Boston Transcript* that "it's the kind of novel that Abraham Lincoln might have written," seems to open out a new field in criticism.

It is with sincere regret that we record the death of Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, at the age of fifty-three. He was Robert Louis Stevenson's cousin. Several of the Letters in the two volumes edited by Mr. Colvin were addressed to him, and for many years, the years when his cousin was winning his way, the two lived in intimate companionship. He was the "young man with the cream tarts" in R. L. S.'s story of "The Suicide Club." Those who knew R. A. M. Stevenson wondered that he did not achieve more, for his gifts were many and rare. But his temperament was not the temperament that leads to worldly success. He lived fully, but he was the least ambitious of men. Choosing painting as a career, he studied under Ortman and Carolus Duran, and exhibited fitfully; but the keenness of his critical vision, his interest in all the schools of painting, his versatility, prevailed against him as a producer. Then he became an art critic, writing brilliantly for the *Saturday Review*, and during the past few years for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, where, latterly, he showed an unexpected tolerance. His principal publication was *The Art of Velasquez*, but writing never made any real call to him. It was in talk that he expressed himself. To listen to him, when he was in the mood, was a privilege. His mind was reflective with all its agility and brilliance; and while ideas rained from him, he was also a listener. But one must not enlarge upon him as a talker. R. L. Stevenson has done that once and for all. He is Spring-Heel'd Jack in "Talk and Talkers," who "may at any moment turn his powers of transmigration on yourself, create for you a view you never held, and then furiously fall on you for holding it." Here is the passage from "Talk and Talkers" describing Spring-Heel'd Jack:

The very best talker, with me, is one whom I shall call Spring-Heel'd Jack. I say so, because I never knew any one who mingled so largely the possible ingredients of converse. In the Spanish proverb the fourth man necessary to compound a salad, is a madman to mix it: Jack is that madman. I know not which is more remarkable: the insane lucidity of his conclusions, the humorous eloquence of his language, or his power of method, bringing the whole of life into the focus of the subject treated, mixing the conversational salad like a drunken god. He doubles like the serpent, changes and flashes like the shaken kaleidoscope, transmigrates bodily into the views of others, and so, in the twinkling of an eye and with a heady rapture, turns questions inside out and flings them empty before you on the ground, like a triumphant conjuror. It is my common practice when a piece of conduct puzzles me, to attack it in the presence of Jack with such grossness, such partiality and such wearing iteration, as at length shall spur him up in its defence. In a moment he transmigrates, dons the required character, and with moon-struck philosophy justifies the act in question. I can fancy nothing to compare with the *vim* of these impersonations, the strange scale of language, flying from Shakespeare to Kant, and from Kant to Major Dyngwell—

"As fast as a musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument—"

the sudden, sweeping generalisations, the absurd irrelevant particularities, the wit, wisdom, folly, humour, eloquence and bathos, each startling in its kind, and yet all luminous in the admired disorder of their combination.

WE suppose that few people read Cowper's poetry in these days when we are all for the "lyric cry." But we shall hear a great deal about Cowper in the next fortnight. He died April 25, 1900; and his Centenary is to be celebrated at Olney next Wednesday. For those of our readers who wish to be there in spirit we give the substance of the programme which has been arranged:

- 12.30. Luncheon at the Bull Hotel.
- 1.0 Visitors will be able to see Cowper's summer-house. (No charge.)
- 1.30. Children of Olney, wearing favours of buff and green (Cowper's colours), will assemble in front of Cowper's House—which has been presented to the town by W. H. Collingridge, Esq.—and sing "God moves in a mysterious way." Every child will then receive a copy of the biography of Cowper, kindly presented by the Religious Tract Society.
- 2.30. Museum publicly opened. Admission 6d.
- 3.30. Public meeting. Admittance 6d. Reserved seats 1s. Chair to be taken by W. W. Carlile, Esq., M.P. Speeches by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. Clement K. Shorter, and others.
- 5.0 From 5 to 7 Cowper's house at Weston Underwood will be open to visitors. (No charge.)
- 7.30. Special service at the church. Sermon by the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar.

We wish the celebration success, but on paper it looks a trifle formal.

Who is the young Brahmin about whom Mr. W. B. Yeats writes so prettily in the *Speaker*? It seems that he made a great impression on "some among us"; that is—we doubt not—among "us" of the Irish literary movement. "Us" had been addicted "when we were all schoolboys" to reading "mystical philosophy and to passing crystals over each other's hands and eyes." Then came a day when "somebody told us he had met a Brahmin in London who knew more of these things than any book." So the young Brahmin was written to, asked, so to speak, to come over into Macedonia and help "us." And being of a meek spirit he came, saw, and conquered. On the very evening of his coming they brought him to a club—a club!—and bade him talk metaphysics, which he did in such sort that he "awed into silence whatever metaphysics the town had." But next day he was remorseful; he looked back on his triumph at the club and called it "intellectual lust." That was clever. You shine first as incendiary, and then as fireman. "And sometimes he would go back over something he had said, and explain to us that his argument had been a fallacy, and apologise to us as though he had offended against good manners." O, Bab, are all thy ballads spent? He told them that his father, who had been the first of his family to leave his native village for two thousand years, had repeated over and over as he lay dying, "The West is dying because of its restlessness." No one seems to have smiled at this. He said "very seriously," "I have thought much about it, and I have never been able to discover any reason why prose should exist." Even then no one seems to have come away. We hope we are not irreverent, but the article secretes many smiles for the reader. The Brahmin taught "us" other things, and among them this: "That all action and all words that lead to action are a little vulgar, a little trivial; nor am I quite certain that any among us has quite awoke out of the dreams he brought us." No? Not recently?

WE referred a few weeks ago to the flourishing state of the book-plate cult, as shown in the birth of a new magazine dedicated to the subject. Alas, book-plate culture has its dark, even its criminal side. A man may smile and smile, to see his collection grow, and be a villain. The librarian of Harvard University has just spread abroad the news of depredations committed in the fine

library under his care, and has warned collectors against acquiring certain choice specimens now improperly at large:

During the month of January or February some person, who has had access to the bookstack, has cut from a large number of the older books the front covers, on which the book-plate is pasted, leaving the volumes on the shelves, to all appearance unutilized till removed from their places.

Many of the plates thus obtained have passed through the hands of Dr. C. E. Cameron, of Boston, who claims to have come by them honestly, but has been arrested for larceny and awaits trial in June. Several persons who purchased specimens of these plates from Dr. Cameron have generously and honourably returned them to the Library; but there are still many plates unaccounted for, which are likely to be offered to unsuspecting purchasers, and I beg to warn all such that any of the older engraved book-plates of the Harvard Library now in the market are to be viewed with suspicion, for the books which bear them have but rarely ever been allowed to pass from the possession of the Library, and at present this almost never occurs.

The book-plates which particularly excite the interest of collectors are those which mark the gifts of Governor John Hancock, Thomas Hollis, the Province of New Hampshire, and other generous donors, received just after the destruction of the Library by fire in 1764.

Other particulars are given, and will be found in the Librarian's recent letter to the *Times*.

OUR recent estimate of the merits of the American historical novel, as now being written and sold by the hundred thousand, is not contradicted by some remarks of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, which, with a mixture of business shrewdness and literary cynicism, pronounces the historical novel a good object of enterprise. "Any man with a literary temperament, and a capacity for compilation," it says encouragingly, "stands a very good chance of success in this field."

The critics are bland and the public cordial, and there will be plenty of people to say that the fifth historical novel is better than any of the preceding four, and the sixth is more wonderful yet. And while hard work is necessary, it is a kind of work that can be systematised and makes comparatively slight drain on the creative force. It is a good, straightforward, definite job, with materials ready to your hand. A part of it consists in rearranging certain well-tried properties, and some parts could almost be let out on sub-contract. Almost anyone will soon be able to handle the George Washington scenes, and duels will become a mere matter of clerical routine.

Nor need style and technique present any difficulties, for we are assured:

You do not have to create an atmosphere. It is already made for you. Historical associations will help you out when your art fails. Rig a man up in small clothes and silk stockings, give him a sword and a peruke and four or five old expletives, and a hot temper and a brave heart, and the thing is half done. Put in a few "ans" and "twers," and "ties," and "say I's," and the conversation will fit any past century you like. . . . Richard Carvel's conversation often spans three centuries in a single sentence. But none of these things are noticed if enough happens. That is the one relentless law of the present historical novel. The hero must be kept busy from beginning to end, with never an instant's pause in heroism. The art that can so build a character that he holds you whether he is doing anything worth mentioning or not, is not needed here. For the business of clinging to the masts of sinking ships, hurling back insults in other people's teeth, standing unmoved amid fearful carnage, and waiting for a proud, capricious beauty to recognise his worth, there is scarcely any need of a character at all. He is not a man but a literary storm centre, and requires only four or five large, plain virtues and a good physique.

WE are asked if we can give the date of composition and the author's name of the following poem. It is called "Illusion":

God and I in space alone,
And nobody else in view,
And "Where are the people, O Lord?" I said,
"The earth below, and the sky o'erhead
And the dead whom I once knew?"
"That was a dream," God smiled and said,
"A dream that seemed to be true.
There are no people, living or dead;
There is nothing but ME and you."
"Why do I feel no fear?" I asked,
"Meeting you here this way.
That I have sinned I know full well;
And is there a heaven, and is there a hell,
And is this the Judgment Day?"
"Nay, those were but dreams," the great God said,
"Dreams that have ceased to be;
There are no such things as sin or fear;
There is no you; you never have been;
There is nothing at all but ME."

In the "Ruskin Memorial Number" of *Saint George* is printed the following touching letter from Mr. Ruskin to his publisher, written on April 15, 1878:

DEAR ALLEN,—How good and kind you are, and have always been. I trust, whatever happens to me, that your position with the copyright of my books, if anybody cares for them, and with the friends gained by your honesty and industry, is secure on your little piece of Kentish home territory. I write this letter to release you from all debt to me of any kind, and to leave you, with my solemn thanks for all the energy and faith of your life, given to me so loyally, in all that I ever tried to do for good, to do now what is best for your family and yourself.

As I look back on my life in this closing time I find myself in debt to every friend that loved me, for what a score of lives could not repay, and would fain say to them all, as to you, words of humiliation which I check only because they are so vain.

Ever (Nay—in such a time as this what "ever" is there except "to-day"—once more—) your thankful and sorrowful friend—Master, no more—

J. RUSKIN.

LITERARY collectors to whom pompous and fulsome dedications are objects of interest (and they are often very amusing) may not be familiar with an example to which the Rev. George J. C. Scott draws our attention. It is found in a book of *Essays* by Sir William Corne-Waleys, the Younger, Knight, printed at the Hand and Plough, in Fleet-street, 1600. The dedication is written by a friend of the author, and we quote a portion of it:

To the Right Vertuous and Most Honorable Ladies the Lady Sara Hastings, the Lady Theodosia Dudley, the Lady Mary Wingfield, and the Lady Mary Dyer. . . . The worke of it selfe being vertuous, it cannot but be gracious to your Ladships; for in this backward Age (too much declining from Vertue) who are more fit to protect and defend her then your Ladships, who are so neerely allied to Vertue, that she hath chosen you for her Temple, therein inshrined her selfe, and in you onely desireth to be adored. Your Ladships are neerely conjoined in blood, three of you being Sisters by nature, the fourth by Loue; but that coniunction is nothing so noble (although very noble) as that sweete combination of your spirits, which are all so deuoted to God, that though there be a Quaternity of your persons, yet those persons are so guided by those Angel-like spirits, that they make up a delightful harmony, a Soule-ravishing Musick; and a most pleasing and perfect Simpathy of Affections.

If then your Ladships shall patronize these *Essays*, what venomous tongues shall dare to infect them? If you like who will dislike them? What you allowe, nothing but Ennie, Detraction, and Ignorance wil disallow, whose infectious breaths shall be so purified by the precious balme of your Vertues, that all shall sodainlie dissolue into

the sweete aire of applause. They are now (Honorable Ladies) your owne, being free lie giuen to your Ladships by the true hearted affection of their Author.

THE date of the decline of the fulsome dedication is perhaps marked by the sensible action of Mrs. Delany, who, being pressed in 1749 by a Mr. Ballard to accept the dedication of his work, *Memoirs of Learned Ladies*, insisted on writing the dedication herself. At any rate, she sent Ballard the following as a model, with an injunction that its tone of distant respect should not be exceeded:

MADAM,—I am very much obliged to you for your indulgence in giving me leave to dedicate part of this work to you; and, as I am informed you were resolved against addresses of this nature, I will not tire you with encomiums on your family, your person, or your qualifications, as my intention in publishing the book is to raise the mind above the common concerns of this world; and I hope the examples here set before you will animate you to good and great actions, and then your obligation to me will be at least equal to mine to you.

But this did not suit Mr. Ballard, and the dedication, which was to have been so sober, appeared as follows:

To Mrs. Delany, the truest judge and brightest pattern of all the accomplishments which adorn her sex, these *Memoirs of Learned Ladies* in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are most humbly inscribed by her obedient servant,
GEORGE BALLARD.

REFERRING to our article on "Disappearing Authors," Messrs. M'Geachy & Co. write to us from Glasgow:

Your method of asking booksellers in different parts of the country regarding the sale of books by Jane Austen, Trollope, Kingsley, Reade, and Lever, is a very wise one. The reports show a variety difficult to explain. For why should an author sell well in one part of the kingdom and not in another? With us, as large retail booksellers, the books by Jane Austen have a large sale. We think there are signs of a renewed interest in her writings. Charles Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth* is one of the best selling novels we have, and *Never Too Late to Mend* and *Hard Cash* have a steady sale. Kingsley is still popular, though many of his books have fallen into the background. *Westward Ho!* is, of course, the favourite, but *Hyperbata* and *Hereward the Wake* are constantly selling. Lever and Trollope are decidedly slow at the present time. In these two instances there is the absence of good editions at a moderate price, and when such editions are published an increasing interest will at once be shown by the public. The "dainty edition" has raised the taste of the present generation with regard to the general get-up of their books. These must be well printed and neatly bound.

A revival of interest in a writer not too well known has occurred in connection with the uniform issue of George Borrow's works by Mr. John Murray. For many years, admirers of Borrow asked for a worthy edition of his books. The result has been remarkable, and the expressions of new readers show that these delightful books have lost none of their charm.

Of course, we speak only for ourselves. The experience of every bookseller differs according to his position on the map.

In her introduction to Anne Brontë's little read novel *Wildfell Hall*, just issued in the Haworth Edition, Mrs. Humphry Ward tells a story showing that Anne possessed "the Brontë seriousness, the Brontë strength of will." When four years old she was asked what a little child like her wanted most. "The tiny creature replied—if it were not a Brontë it would be incredible—'Age and experience.'" Anne Brontë's gift was not equal to Charlotte's or Emily's, and Mrs. Ward introduces an interesting comparison between the poetical powers of Anne and Emily. Both girls, it happened, wrote verses expressive

of their longing to be at home, and it is here that the difference in their powers comes out:

From the twilight schoolroom at Roehad, Emily turns
in thought to the distant upland of Haworth and the little
stone-built house upon its crest:

"There is a spot, 'mid barren hills,
Where winter howls, and driving rain;
But, if the dreary tempest chills,
There is a light that warms again.

The house is old, the trees are bare,
Moonless above bends twilight's dome,
But what on earth is half so dear—
So longed for—as the hearth of home?

The mute bird sitting on the stone,
The dank moss dripping from the wall,
The thorn-trees gaunt, the walks o'ergrown,
I love them—how I love them all!"

Anne's verses, written from one of the houses where she
was a governess, express precisely the same feeling, and
movement of mind. But notice the instinctive rightness
and swiftness of Emily's, the blurred weakness of Anne's:

"For yonder garden, fair and wide,
With groves of evergreen,
Long winding walks, and borders trim,
And velvet lawns between—

Restore to me that little spot,
With gray walls compassed round,
Where knotted grass neglected lies,
And weeds usurp the ground.

Though all around this mansion high
Invites the foot to roam,
And though its halls are fair within—
Oh, give me back my Home!"

Bibliographical.

THE introduction of Shakespeare, with a "speaking" part,
into a novel called *Mary Paget*, reminds one of similarly
bold adventures in the past. I cannot recollect whether
the late William Black had the courage to put the bard
bodily into his *Judith Shakespeare* (perhaps one of my
correspondents will tell me), but we can all recall Landor's
Examination of William Shakespeare, and some of us have
not forgotten a certain play called (with delightful brevity
and simplicity) "Shakespeare," which had a brief career
in a London theatre some eight years ago. In the last-
named, if I remember rightly, the bard was presented
as a young man, who, after engaging himself to Anne
Hathaway, goes up to London and loses his heart to
Elizabeth Throgmorton. If my memory serves me, the
author of this piece portrayed the poet as firing off bits of
blank verse from the plays which he was afterwards to
write! And we had not only Shakespeare, but Spenser
and Raleigh and Ben Jonson, whose spoken utterances, I
regret to say, did not at all suggest the power or charm of
their published efforts. But there is no limit to the self-
confidence of the present-day playwright. Did not one
such follow Horne in putting Christopher Marlowe on the
boards? and was not Molière similarly treated by another?

Such a handbook of British and American fiction as
Mr. A. E. Baker is said to have compiled or to be com-
piling should be, if adequately done, an eminently desir-
able work. We have no such manual at present. It is
true that Mr. Percy Russell published, in 1894, *A Guide
to British and American Novels*, in which he discoursed
successively of the historical, the military, the political,
the Scotch, the Irish, the religious, the "temperance"
tale, and so forth, and that he supplied a couple of some-
what useful indices. Mr. Russell's book, however, lacked

authority as criticism, and in the way of fact was not
sufficiently precise and systematic. Now, Mr. Baker, I
gather, will be systematic or nothing, and we may depend,
I think, upon his accuracy in detail. An absolutely com-
plete classification of English (which includes American)
fiction would be a boon if it could be achieved; but can
it? Is it not out of the power of one man, even though he
should have devoted all his working hours to it? It
seems rather a task for a syndicate or a society, every
member of which would contribute from the fruits of his
or her reading.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree having selected "Rip Van Winkle"
as the next subject for stage interpretation, we may
expect that there will shortly be an increased demand for
Washington Irving's famous narrative. It so happens
that no fewer than three illustrated editions of the tale
were issued in London last year—one by Mr. Macquenn,
another by Messrs. Putnam, and the third (with "Chris-
mas Eve") by Mr. Nister. In 1898 the tale formed part
of a little volume of Irving's miscellanies published by
Service & Paton. Previously to that there was Messrs.
Macmillan's illustrated edition in 1893. Of *The Sketch-
Book* itself the recent reprints have been numerous—one
in two volumes in 1894, a "student's" edition (and a
cheap one besides) in 1895, and yet another in 1897.
Those playgoers to whom Irving's narrative is new will
be surprised to find how elaborate a superstructure the
playwrights have built upon a slight foundation.

The promised new edition (illustrated) of Leigh Hunt's
Old Court Suburb will be welcome to many, though the
book, which is not yet half-a-century old, is by no means
out of print. Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, I believe, still
publish it in neat one-volume form. In all probability it
has not been much read of late. Many people fancy that
the suburb in question is Chelsea, whereas, of course, it is
Kensington. It will be remembered that an illustrated
edition of Hunt's other topographical and historical book,
The Town, was brought out in 1893. Hunt was one of
the first to write what may be called the picturesque guide-
book, and his example was improved upon by certain of
his more recent imitators. Both *The Town* and *The Old
Court Suburb* are somewhat out of date, but a little
judicious annotation is all that they require.

The poets of the future have some reason to dread the
doubtful glory of a "penny edition" of their works. I
was glancing the other day through Messrs. Newnes's
penny Tennyson, and found that the simple title "Godiva"
had been enlarged into "The Lady Godiva"; "The
splendour falls on castle walls" had been headed "Dying,
Dying, Dying"; the stanzas beginning "Ring out, wild
bells," had been entitled "Ring Out—Ring In"; while
those beginning "Love thou thy land" had been christened
"Patriotism"! More than this, I found that the editor
had taken it upon himself to number not only every
stanza in the book, but even the paragraph-sections of
such narrative poems as the "Morte d'Arthur." I say
nothing about the paper and the printing of the penn'orth,
but I think the text of the poet should have been presented
as he left it.

Turning over the pages of Sir M. Grant Duff's latest
instalment of *Notes from a Diary*, I found him asking a
Roman Catholic ecclesiastic whether he knew "the story
of Gregory XVI. offering his snuff-box to a Cardinal, who
declined it, saying, 'No, your Holiness, I have not that
vice,' to which the Pope immediately replied, 'If it had
been a vice, you would have had it.'" Now, this colloquy
is almost word for word identical with a well-known
passage of arms between Claude Melnotte and Beauseant
in "The Lady of Lyons," and it would be interesting to
know whether this anecdote of Gregory XVI. was in
circulation before Bulwer wrote the play; if it was, the
dramatist obviously "conveyed" the jest—which was
unfair to its author.

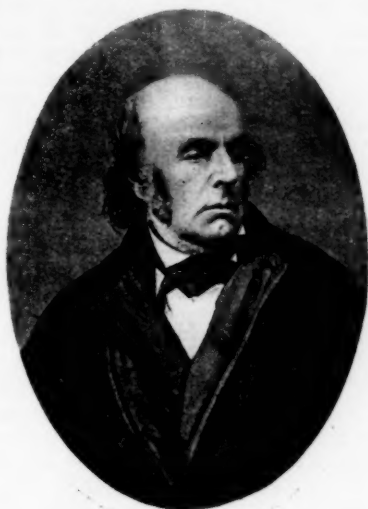
THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Needless "Life."

The Life of Edward FitzGerald. By John Glyde. (Pearsons, Ltd. 6s.)

MR. GLYDE'S book contains some new stories of FitzGerald and some interesting local matter; but as a whole it is the failure which every student of FitzGerald's Letters might have not unkindly predicted. No "Life," properly speaking, of Edward FitzGerald is possible; you might as well ask for a "Life" of Amiel, who never lived, but merely proposed to do so. FitzGerald did not even plan a life; finding himself alive, he settled down to vegetate intellectually. Look at his portrait. What a kindly, heavy



EDWARD FITZGERALD.
From a Photo. by Cade & White.

saturninity; what a resolution to be only so much awake as he deemed worth his while! FitzGerald let the world alone, and the world ought to return the compliment. We can do with biographies of soldiers and Parliamentary hands, and we have recently had the biography of a successful coal merchant. That is all right; but when a man is so sublimely indifferent to the footlights and the gold dust as was Edward FitzGerald, we ought to cherish that instance of retiredness. We are all grimed and pushing and envious; here was a man who was not; for heaven's sake let it be somewhat difficult to find him in libraries as it was in life. The very notion of anything so pat and measureable as "The Life" of Edward FitzGerald is unpleasing to us. We prefer to go burrowing for the Life in the Letters—Letters which, for a certain quaint *nookiness*, are unsurpassed in the language. What would FitzGerald have said if he had picked up a harmful, unnecessary "Life" of his "dear Sévigné," in whose Letters he lived for days together?

Mr. Glyde has meant well, and there are things in his book which lovers of the Letters may like to note. FitzGerald once made for his own use a list of all the characters in Mme. Sévigné's Letters, and at another time he drew up a chronology of Charles Lamb's life. Well, Mr. Glyde finds us in material for making such book-marker notes, but this is to condemn his book as a work of art. Our special regret is that Mr. Glyde did not limit himself to the task for which he was competent, and for which there was an opening—that of tracing FitzGerald's footprints at Woodbridge, Boulge, Lowestoft, Aldborough, and his other Suffolk haunts. The local information he has collected would have made a thin, but very acceptable, pamphlet. Thus from London, from Nishapur, and

from Woodbridge had poured three contributory streams of intelligence about FitzGerald; and the local tribute would have had a charming entity, would almost have defied criticism. But "The Life"—oh, no! The very words toll us back to the Letters—which are a thing most precious and absolute. They are medicine for minds that would fain repel the world a little while using it, that long for peace though declining it. Ah, these dear half-way philosophers, whose teachings require of us no sudden flight from the pavement to the empyrean, but who show us how a man may simplify his life! FitzGerald was one of the band, and in that kind we name him with Horace, and Montaigne, and with Matthew Arnold, wistful at the grave of Sévigné. Formal duty seems to require us to describe Mr. Glyde's book in detail; but the pages slip past our fingers. They are good for excavation. There are things to pencil into the margins of the Letters, but they are not such things as these: "FitzGerald (Mr. Glyde will hyphenate the name) had old-fashioned tastes, and in poetry and great love for the ancients. . . . In the world of Fiction he revelled in Sir Walter Scott's works." Nor does the reader of the Letters want to see FitzGerald's moods stated in terms like these: "He found more real enjoyment in the fisherman's cottage than in the home of the squire, where, he said, awful formalities stifle the genuine flow of nature." That is banal and inexact. Banal and inexact, too, is Mr. Glyde's description of FitzGerald's feeling toward London as one of "hatred." He did not want to live in London; nothing would have induced him to do so. But he always paid London the compliment of excusing himself. The tacit reproaches of his friends were not lost on him; though he would not live in London, none knew better than he that he could not well live without London. He never plumed himself on his retirement. Living out of the world, it was he who felt the drawbacks. "People affect to talk of this kind of life as very beautiful and philosophical," he wrote to Frederic Tennyson, "but I don't; men ought to have an ambition to stir and travel, and fill their heads and senses; but so it is." So it was to the end. He trudged Suffolk roads, saw the sea dimple, read old books and the Reviews, collected pictures, potted among his flowers, fed his doves, and wrote the most unaffected letters about it all.

The Letters have been given to us with a liberal hand, and we are not sure that we want—or ought to take—a single fact about FitzGerald that comes to us but through them. We are not a whit interested in Mr. Glyde's chapter about FitzGerald's marriage and what the "ladies of Woodbridge"—confound them!—thought of it. We do not care to peer into the little cottage at Boulge, and note its bachelor chaos; nor are we very grateful for the information that FitzGerald always wore his hat when seated by his fire, and that he fidgetted his beard with a paper-knife while his reader read to him. Somehow a knowledge of these things seems a little mean; we put it aside. Even Mr. Glyde's list of books in FitzGerald's library—classified (as assuredly FitzGerald did not classify them) under Fine Arts, Essays, Music, Dramatic, &c.—is curiously unacceptable. The books do not interest us until FitzGerald has taken one of them off the shelf himself. We do not want to know the bounds of his resources, the thus-far-and-no-farther of his browserings alone. Charles Lamb was sorry that he had ever seen the MS. of "Lycidas," with Milton's corrections, and we should regret taking an inventory of those bookshelves at Little Grange. All this may seem fanciful and even ungracious; but if so it comes of our allegiance to the Letters. Not a jot of their charm must be imperilled.

We like to think that Nature ordains such lives as Edward FitzGerald's to be medicine to other lives. FitzGerald's Letters are antidotal and curative. And the Letters are FitzGerald's life, therefore the life was good and effective. That is very simple reasoning, but what is to

upset it? FitzGerald might have done greater things? Really!—greater than his Letters?—those delightful records of desultory culture, those naïve statements of the things which a rich, yet oddly restricted, nature cared for, and the things it didn't care a rap for? We doubt it. To write the Letters it was necessary that FitzGerald should live in a Suffolk village, where you could hear the rasping of a saw down the length of the main street. He was lazy, but remember that he had the special grace not to repent; and if he refused laborious days, neither did he sport with Amaryllis in the shade. The result was the Letters, and the English "Rubaiyat." And these are enough.

Pale, Tender, and Fragile.

Decorations, in Verse and Prose. By Ernest Dowson.
(Leonard Smithers & Co.)

THIS little volume derives a painful interest from its being the last work of a young poet, who recently died under sorrowful circumstances. The verse (for the prose is little but verse not run into mould) is in substance agnosticism unsustained by the joy of life; in style it is exceedingly craftsmanlike and perfect, with a sense of form that lends appropriateness to the title. "A poet of one mood in all his lays," Mr. Dowson's verse has an almost morbid grace and delicacy, which can only be conveyed by Rossetti's word *gracile*, and a decadent melancholy. Without fire or figurative quality, it lends itself best to negatives.

He belongs to those who find their affinities in the decadent frailty of such French poets as Paul Verlaine. It is not, however, the later *symboliste* Verlaine to whom he leans, but the more typical Verlaine of the sighful, faint impressions. To photograph sensitively the effect of a scene, an incident, upon the emotions, and reproduce it in verse with all its delicate transience, without comment, without reflection—an effect, or rather *affect* (if we might coin the word for the occasion) transferred from the sensibilities of the poet to those of the reader—such is the aim of this French school, in which stood foremost the poet with the satyr-visage and the touch in verse as of maiden's fingers. No interpreters they of nature, but rather strings moved by the wind—and with a like melancholy plaint in all their music. There is much of kindred character in Dowson's poetry, though it need not follow that he deliberately or consciously adopted the same artistic shibboleth. His sympathies he has openly shown in a few poems which are direct translations from Verlaine. It may well be that Verlaine is inimitable; it is very sure that Verlaine is untranslatable. All Mr. Dowson's finished art and native sympathy has failed to capture the uncapturable charm of the originals: the sense is there, and somewhat of the subtly simple diction, but the delicate sigh of the verse has volatilised through the grosser English syllables. Nor does the English writer always convey the expressional *nuances* of the Frenchman. Take a poem at which many readers of the ACADEMY, some time ago, tried their hands in our "Competition" column. Thus Mr. Dowson:

The sky is up above the roof,
So blue, so soft!
A tree there, up above the roof,
Swayeth aloft.
A bell within the sky we see,
Chimes low and faint:
A bird upon that tree we see
Maketh complaint.
Dear God! is not the life up there
Simple and sweet?
How peacefully are borne up there
Sounds of the street!
What hast thou done, who comest here
To weep away?
Where hast thou laid, who comest here,
Thy youth away?

It is good; but no reader would surmise from it that the original was a masterpiece famous in modern French poetry. "Swayeth aloft" misses the exact significance of *berce sa palme*, upon which the felicity of the line depends; and the translation goes to pieces upon the last stanza, which no translation can suggest. So does a poem of which the original has not the peculiar technical difficulty of this:

Nay! the more desolate,
Because, I know not why
(Neither for love nor hate)
My heart is desolate.

Whither has vanished the melodious childlike wail of

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine
Mon cœur a tant de peine?

Mr. Dowson himself has more of Verlaine in spirit than in form, for he tries many modes—villanelle, rondeau, sonnet; but there is always the one manner—subdued, minutely finished—searching his diction fastidiously rather than ostentatiously, with no startlingly refracted colour. And the substance is always one—a cry of premature disillusion and weariness. To him and the young poets of his class the days have come in youth of which they say, "They please me not." To him or to his French models; for one would have a surer conviction of these writers' sincerity in their pessimistic chorus if it were not so plain that the pessimism was *à la mode de Paris*. Yet the prevalence of the disease need not be doubted. He rebukes "A Lady Asking Foolish Questions":

Why am I sorry, Chloe? Because the moon is far:
And who am I to be straightened in a little earthly star?
Because thy face is fair? And what if it had not been?
The fairest face of all is the face I have not seen.
Because the land is cold, and however I scheme and plot,
I cannot find a ferry to the land where I am not.
Because thy lips are red and thy breasts upbraid the snow?
(There is neither white nor red in the pleasure where I go.)
Because thy lips grow pale and thy breasts grow dun and fall?
I go where the wind blows, Chloe, and am not sorry at all.

That is the daintily sung confession of unfaith which is the melancholy burden of all Mr. Dowson's verse (though nowhere else does he slip into such unpleasantly ungallant phrases as he uses to the hapless Chloe). It is Shelley's "longing for something afar," with the addition that there is no something afar. We hear it again in the mournfully musical lyric, "Venite Descendamus":

Let be at last; give over words and sighing,
Vainly were all things said:
Better at last to find a place for lying
Only dead.
Silence were best; with songs and sighing over;
Now be the music mute;
Now let the dead, red leaves of autumn cover
A vain lute.
Silence is best; for ever and for ever,
We will go down and sleep,
Somewhere beyond her ken, where she need never
Come to weep.
Let be at last: colder she grows and colder;
Sleep and the night were best;
Lying at last where we cannot behold her,
We may rest.

When he is not attempting an impossible rivalry of translation, he handles verse with accomplished melody, as in this poem. Pale, tender, and fragile like that which has in it the seeds of death, it fitly exemplifies Dowson's not strong nor strongly original muse. And now—he has gone down and slept.

A Pearl of Great Price.

A History of the Textual Criticism of the New Testament.
By Martin R. Vincent, D.D. (Macmillan.)

PERFECTLY honourable men, no doubt, were the Brothers Elzevir, publishers, of Leyden. Yet, by means of an elegant *format* and a boastful phrase, they succeeded in landing on the book-market of Christian Europe a version of the New Testament from the corrupt text of which a quarter of a millennium has not been more than sufficient time to emancipate public opinion. "Here then," they announced on the title-page of their edition of 1633, "you have a Text Received of All Men, in which we give you nothing garbled or corrupt." This vaunted "Received Text" was essentially the text of Erasmus, founded on a few inferior MSS. So little, indeed, did Erasmus understand his responsibility that his solitary twelfth-century MS. of the Revelation giving out before the last six verses, he scrupled not to supply an indifferent Greek rendering for which he had no MS. authority at all. The degrees by which the Textus Receptus has been ousted from the extravagant esteem in which for so long a time it was held is clearly and concisely told in the book before us.

In 1628 Charles I. received from the Patriarch of Constantinople the Alexandrian Codex, known familiarly as A; and in 1657 Bishop Walton, of Chester, published his *London Polyglot*, with the diverse readings of this ancient MS. at the foot of the pages. Courcelles and Fell, Dean of Christ Church, led the way to John Mill, who, in 1707, published at Oxford an edition of the New Testament in which he foreshadowed the results of modern methods. He estimated the variants known in his time at 30,000. The Greek MSS. collated to-day, nearly 4,000, yield more than five times that number.

As time went on and diligence was multiplied, the extraordinary difficulty of reconstructing in its purity the Text, of which the original autographs had perished, became more evident. The method of counting authorities for a given reading was soon shown to be fallacious. By reason of greater age one MS. may outweigh the authority of a dozen others of later date. Not that age is by any means decisive; for whereas a MS. of the fourth century may have been copied from one but little older than itself, a MS. of the eleventh century may have been copied directly from one of the third century, which in turn may derive immediately from the autograph. Another maddening consideration is that a MS. is not necessarily of the same value throughout: internal evidence may show that different parts are copied from different exemplars.

And this leads to the classification of MSS. according to their genealogy, which was first attempted by Bengel, a Lutheran pastor of Württemberg, in 1734. He also it was who first formulated the now familiar canon that "the difficult reading is to be preferred to the easy," since it is more likely that the scribe has altered a passage with a view to removing a solecism, or an apparent contradiction or misquotation, than that he should have introduced such a thing. This principle Griesbach, who published his text in 1805, breaking for the first time clean away from the Textus Receptus, embodied with others: that not single documents but recensions (a word used rather awkwardly for families) of MSS. are to be counted; that the shorter reading is to be preferred to the longer, on account of the scribe's tendency to include marginal notes in the text and to fill out an ellipse; and that the reading which at first sight appears to convey a false sense is to be chosen. The classification of MSS. also received a further development at his hands.

Passing over Lachmann and lesser names we come to Tischendorf, famous for the discovery, in the monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai, of the fourth-century Aleph (Codex Sinaiticus). This he borrowed and carried off to Cairo, where, with the aid of two German secretaries of seraphic energy, he transcribed the 110,000 lines

of it and noted the 12,000 changes made by later hands. This document is, perhaps, one of fifty prepared by order of Constantine for the churches of his eastern capital in 331. It contains some thousand readings sustained by the oldest Fathers and Versions (*i.e.*, translations), and not found in the Vatican (B) or Alexandrian (A) codices.

The Sinaitic MS. had great weight with Westcott and Hort, whose New Testament appeared in 1881. Dr. Hort assigns it, with B, to the oldest of his four great families of MSS.; their coincidences he attributes to "the extreme antiquity of the common original from which the ancestors of the two have diverged." The Revisers of 1881 (whose text varies in over 1,600 places from the text used by the divines of King James) follow closely the readings favoured by Westcott and Hort.

Yet even now the traditional reverence for the Received Text is not dead—unless, indeed, it was buried with the late Dean Burgon of Chichester. Burgon's wit and delicious perversity make his *Revision Revised* one of the most entertaining of books. His argument in favour of the Received Text is based on the conviction that the Divine Spirit which guides the Church would never permit the words which He dictated to be lost or changed. The reversion to ancient authorities, therefore, he altogether mocks. If these documents have been preserved, that shows, he declares, only that they are worthless: had they been of value they would have perished long since of honest handling. After pouring contempt upon Aleph, B, A, and C, the Dean proceeds:

Imagine it generally proposed, by the aid of four such conflicting documents, to readjust the funeral oration of Pericles, or to reëdit *Hamlet*. *Risum teneatis, amici?* Why, some of the poet's most familiar lines would cease to be recognisable: *e.g.*, A.—"Toby or not Toby, that is the question." Aleph.—"To be a tub or not to be a tub, the question is that." C.—"The question is, to beat or not to beat Toby?" D (the "singular codex").—"The only question is this, to beat that Toby or to be a tub?"

With this delightful nonsense, which illustrates the lighter side of a science which has been pursued with such passionate devotion, we may take leave of Dr. Vincent's admirable little book. Nothing could be better adapted to the use of those who would gain a general view of the results and fascinating methods of Textual Criticism in this particular field.

Andromache Up to Date.

Andromache. By Gilbert Murray. (Heinemann.)

It was an audacious experiment of Prof. Murray's to take a classic theme and to write around it a modern drama in a manner obviously inspired by Ibsen and by Maeterlinck. Mr. G. W. Stevens attempted a somewhat similar feat in "The Dialogues of the Dead." But, as the Latin grammar puts it, you may expel Nature with a fork, yet she will always be back upon you; and the completeness of Prof. Murray's design is more than once marred by the fatality of classical reminiscence. "Now, by Thetis, stranger, in shape God has made you king-like, but within a very fool!" comes as an odd patch on the web of dialogue; and Andromache and the rest are but too ready, on the slightest provocation, to break out in lines and half-lines of the blank verse which is their natural speech. "I am a king's son; I must have my kingdom," says Orestes, and we believe Prof. Murray hopes that it will be read as prose: and Andromache; "The gods' hearts may be hard, but man's is tender; only very hungry and sore afraid and wild as a hunted beast on the mountain." Apart from such blemishes, the drama is astonishingly clever and unexpectedly interesting. The bald, unadorned way of speech, all arabesques and rhetoric strictly excluded, through

which, rather than in which, the characters express themselves is admirably handled. Is not this Maeterlinckian?

PYLADES.

Nay, you fear nothing; that is why I must fear for you.

ORESTES.

What is there to fear for me? Most like I shall come back just as I am.

PYLADES

That is the one thing that cannot be!

Andromache was the subject of Attic dramas by Sophocles, Euripides, and Iophon. That of Euripides is alone extant, and from the plot of this Prof. Murray's is varied. It was, perhaps, discreet to select for rivalry one of the least effective of even the Euripidean masterpieces. Hector slain and Troy taken, Andromache becomes the booty of Pyrrhus, son of Achilles and King of Pthia, to whom she bears a son, Molossus. Pyrrhus marries Hermione, daughter of the deathless Helen. Hermione has no son, and hates Andromache. To Pthia comes, in disguise, Orestes, healed at last of the Furies. He is in search of Hermione, whom he saw and loved of old in her father's halls. Orestes and Hermione plot flight. There is a *mêlée*. Pyrrhus is slain, and Andromache stabs Helen. These are the dry bones of Prof. Murray's drama. In his treatment of it they become the vehicle of a symbolism. The dramatic situation is that of the questing soul between the two ideals, the Wisdom of Life and the Passion of Life. Andromache represents the Wisdom of Life. Through suffering she has attained: she knows and loves. The old angers are swallowed up in humanity. Molossus has slain his first man amid the rejoicings of the Court. Andromache would have him make atonement.

ANDROMACHE.

May your eyes never see half the pain mine have seen! I grew past feeling for it, too, long, long ago. I saw men writhe and bite the dust, without caring for them or counting them. They were so many that they were all confused, and the noise of their anguish was like the crying of cranes far off: there was no one voice in it, and no meaning. And then, as it went on growing, and the sons of Priam died about me and the folk starved, and my husband, Hector, was slain with torment, all the voices gathered again together and seemed as one voice, that cried to my heart so that it understood.

MOLOSSUS.

What did it say, mother?

ANDROMACHE.

It spoke in a language that you know not, my son.

MOLOSSUS.

Did it speak Phrygian?

ANDROMACHE.

It spoke the language of old, old men, and those whose gods have deserted them.

MOLOSSUS.

But you could tell me what it said.

ANDROMACHE.

[*Looking at him, and not answering.*] Why did you ever wish to kill that herd-boy?

MOLOSSUS.

We had taken their cattle before. They always fight us.

ANDROMACHE.

Would it not be better that they should live at peace with you?

MOLOSSUS.

Why should I fear their blood-feud? I would sooner be slain than ask favours of them. My father would avenge me well!

ANDROMACHE.

And who will be the happier? Listen. Can you hear that little beating sound—down seaward, away from the sun?

MOLOSSUS.

It is the water lapping against the rocks.

ANDROMACHE.

There is a sound like that in the language I told you of. Old, old men, and those whose gods have deserted them, hear it in their hearts—the sound of all the blood that men have spilt and the tears they have shed, lapping against great rocks, in shadow, away from the sun.

MOLOSSUS.

But, mother, no warrior hears any sound like that.

ANDROMACHE.

Hector learnt to hear it before he died.

This touches upon the eternal verities. In Hermione Orestes seeks the Passion of Life, one inexhaustible and unfading as her mother Helen. But Hermione is no Helen; she is a thwarted soul, passionate indeed, but perverse, for the ideal of Passion is unrealisable by men; and the dramatic conflict of the play resolves itself into the opposing influences of the two women upon Orestes. The eyes of Hermione "beaconed him through the dark of the sea." He still dreams his ideal in her, "daughter of Helen, ageless and deathless," fails to realise in her the very woman she is; but in the presence of Andromache her beauty pales, and she is shrunken; and when she stabs Andromache it lets Orestes into a secret. He bids his men begone with Hermione to the ship, and stays looking down upon the dying and strangely transfigured woman. He is initiate.

Prof. Murray has put a good deal into this play: it is at least, as we said, interesting from beginning to end; but part of the interest is barely legitimate, for it comes from watching to see how the writer will get over the difficulties which he has almost wilfully imposed upon himself. He does not get over them entirely; and would not his work have really been more effective if he had chosen a theme in the handling of which he would not have had to waste his energies in combating the accumulated instincts of his readers and himself towards a traditional mode of treatment?

The Trewe Kirk Discernit.

The Scottish Reformation. Baird Lectures for 1899. By the late Alexander F. Mitchell, D.D. Edited by D. Hay Fleming, LL.D. With a Biographical Sketch by James Christie, D.D. (Blackwood.)

As distinguished from the movement which transformed the Church of England, the Scottish Reformation proceeded upwards from below. It was more purely a religious movement. It began indeed within, among Churchmen; and its first aim was no more than to eliminate from the existing system the gross abuses of simony and nepotism which in Scotland, as elsewhere, honeycombed the whole system of patronage. But the Lutheran doctrine of justification was in the air, and Patrick Hamilton was its proto-martyr—"burnt, at command of the king selfe, for obstinate and wickednes." He had the audacity to maintain that "faith, hope, and charity are so linked together that he who hath one of them hath all, and he that lacketh one lacketh all," and the like. And as is wont to happen when one man has the courage to suffer for his convictions, the reek of his burning "infected all on whom it blew." In 1534 was held a great assize over which the king, James V., presided as great justiciar. Over a score of confessors suffered confiscation of goods; Alexander

Alane (known in literature as Alesius) was driven out of the country; Norman Gourley and David Stratoun furnished a holocaust to the Moloch of Orthodoxy; and so forward, mainly by contrivance of that prelate of large intelligence, consummate ability, and indomitable energy whom, not inaptly, Dr. Mitchell styles "hierarchical fanatic"—Cardinal Betoun. The hour of the reformers would seem to have struck when in 1543 the Regent, the Earl of Arran, proclaimed freedom to read the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue; but he almost immediately repented of his temerity, and loaded his head with appropriate ashes.

The coming of Wishart, in 1559, marked a change in the character of the movement; with him it definitely assumed a schismatical character. His method was to gather into conventicles those whom he could persuade. Also, he must pass through the cloud and through the fire, and make room for a greater.

John Knox—"that maist notable profet and apostle of our nation"—in his childhood had been a pupil of Wishart's; of him he learned the little Greek he knew. A firmness which came near to obstinacy, an independence which was very much like pride . . . and a passionate force sometimes mistakenly attributed to a vindictive temper—these are some of the qualities predicated of him by D'Aubigné. Knox had received the order of priesthood, but, having acquired "a taste for the truth," ceased to say mass and (strangely) took to the law. Presently, in obedience to an harmonious call, he assumed the office of a preacher, and the vaulting of St. Andrew's Cathedral rang weekly with vituperation. The assassination of Cardinal Betoun, in the margin of his History, he is content to note as "the godly act" of James Melvine. This same godly act was the reason why for some nineteen months, with others of the conspirators, he tugged at an oar from the bench of a French galley. English influence secured his release in 1549. He came to England and took part in the first revision of the Prayer-book. He was appointed to be chaplain to the monarch whom Dr. Mitchell styles "good King Edward," and, it is said, received the offer of the Gloucester bishopric. After the accession of the "bigoted Queen Mary," the English court, he found, was no place for him. He departed, therefore, to the more propitious air of Geneva and the company of Calvin, between whom and the people of Scotland he served the office of a conduit; and thence he sounded that Blast against the Monstrous Regiment of Women which was designed to shake the security of Mary, but merely exasperated Elizabeth; wherein his later explanations, which involved so unpalatable a doctrine as that kings rule in virtue of election rather than by right divine, did not mend matters. At this time he returned to St. Andrew's and frankly proceeded to triumph over the enemies of the Lord. "We doe nothing," he wrote, "but goe about Jericho, blowing with trumpets as God giveth strenth."

The result of the struggle was by this time assured. The new faith was springing vigorously on the soil left fallow by the careless security of the clergy. In Scotland, as elsewhere, the Roman Catholic Church had saved, out of a sometime devoted people, but a remnant.

The author goes at length into the history of the Book of Discipline and the Book of Common Order; and by the discretion of his enthusiastic editor, a lecture upon Alesius, though not properly one of the series delivered on the Baird foundation, has been inserted. If it is with a certain sense of disappointment that we close this volume, that is to be attributed solely to a certain flaccidity of style which may readily be excused to a man strenuously using, as it proved, the last spark of his vitality for a comprehensive purview of the period which for many years he had made so particularly his own. We confidently hope that it will interest, in the great events which it chronicles, a wider public than that to which the lectures are primarily addressed.

"'Twill Serve."

PERIODS OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE.—*The Romantic Triumph*.
By T. S. Omond, M.A. (Blackwood. 5s. net.)

THE title of this book rather suggests a novel than the latest addition to Prof. Saintsbury's "Periods of European Literature." It is the sequel (the association of ideas will not away) to *The Romantic Revolt*—a no less cozening title—its predecessor in the series, which dealt with the general rebellion against eighteenth-century classicism; and the period it covers is, roughly, from 1810 to the decline of the Romantic movement in the 'fifties. The design is to summarise the time during which the Romantic movement was at its zenith; and in English literature it may be said to have as its culmination Scott and Browning.

The period is impossibly vast, beyond the mere number of years embraced by it. It is, perhaps, the most opulent period of European literary history. In England it means Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, De Quincey, Ruskin, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës—to take up but a random handful of the golden sands; in France, Dumas, De Vigny, De Musset, Lamartine, Sainte-Beuve, Stendhal—all that brilliant band of poets and *prosateurs*, with the great name of Hugo towering in the midst, and the red waistcoat of Gautier flaming in the forefront; it means historians like Sismondi, Thierry, Michelet; novelists like George Sand and Prosper Mérimée. As if these were not enough, Germany presents to us the Schlegels—August, the great populariser and critic of Shakespeare; Friedrich, who wrote *The Philosophy of History*; Tieck; Hoffmann; Uhland; Brentano; Fouqué, who gave us the undying figures of Undine and Sintram; Richter, inspirer of Carlyle; Niebuhr, the historian; Schelling and Hegel, in philosophy; while in its later period we have the poetry of Heine and the pessimism of Schopenhauer. Yet here is no pause: Italy offers Manzoni, of *I Promessi Sposi* fame; Leopardi, the poet, as Schopenhauer was the philosopher of pessimism; Denmark has Hans Andersen; Russia, Poushkin and Gogol; Poland, Mickiewicz. And this is but (in Tarquin's phrase) striking off the tallest heads of the poppies. Throngs surge behind these. It was truly a wonderful time of blossoming.

To deal with such enormous wealth of material upon any comprehensive plan, within the compass of one small volume, was not possible. In this respect Mr. Omond's task was harder than that of his predecessors. In effect, his volume resolves itself into a cursory review of the chief authors in the several countries of Europe, with a few introductory and concluding remarks on the Romantic spirit and movement. It is, doubtless, the fault of the unwieldy subject, too near for perspective, yet already fading into a doubtful semi-familiarity very puzzling to deal with; but Mr. Omond's volume does not impress us so much as others of the series. He disavows any design of novelty in his criticism; and has, in fact, adopted the safe method of adhering to the received criticism of the day on all important points. The few exceptions wherein Mr. Omond has liberated his own soul do not encourage us to wish that he had oftener departed from the beaten track. He is led into railing at Mrs. Browning's delicate phrase, "sylvan tenderness," applied to the eyes of the hare. Mr. Omond is not, in fact, a distinguished critic. But, on the whole, he is adequate, if never stimulating, and sometimes a trifle exasperating. The book is a fair book, considering the subject and its difficulties; there have, as we say again, been better in the series, but "'twill serve." And we may, at any rate, congratulate Mr. Omond that he has spared us yet another attempt to define the Romantic spirit. "For this relief, much thanks."

Other New Books.

MRS. DELANY
(MARY GRANVILLE).

COMPILED BY GEORGE PASTON.

In the second edition of his *Anecdotes of Painting* Horace Walpole refers to Mrs. Delany as "a lady of excellent taste, who, at the age of seventy-four, invented the art of paper mosaic, with which material (coloured) she executed in eight years within twenty of one thousand various flowers and flowering shrubs with a precision and truth unparalleled." The reader who wishes to know exactly what this work was like may turn to pages 230-231 of this volume. Mrs. Delany never wrote a book, or made herself notorious; she was neither wealthy nor learned, and yet she was a great lady—"a truly great woman of fashion," Burke called her. Mrs. Delany's *Autobiography and Correspondence* in six volumes, edited by Lady Llanover was gratefully received in 1861-62 by a public willing to pay five pounds. These volumes having sunk—by their own weight one thinks—out of present ken, "George Paston" has distilled some of their fragrance and interest into a volume that may hope to be read by a generation of casual readers. In these reduced pages we are still brought into the politest circles of the reigns of three Georges. We dine with Swift, and watch Madame D'Arblay bungle the bow of Queen Charlotte's necklace; we hear the "Beggars' Opera" praised, and *Tristram Shandy* denounced; and we see Mrs. Delany almost marry Wesley, and almost snub Johnson. This is the (abridged) book of her loves, her two marriages, her discreet friendships, her perfections of behaviour and address. Its long, busy murmur of acquaintance is in ceaseless and delightful contrast with the self-centred, socially-unerring mind of the great lady it portrays. Taken as a whole, the record is crammed, as the present editor is pleased to say, with "familiar trifles of everyday life that put marrow into the dry bones of history, and blood into its flaccid veins." (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)

MEMOIRS OF THE BARONESS

CECILE DE COURTOT.

BY MORITZ VON KAISENBERG.

This volume takes its place in the entertaining "Versailles Historical Series," which already includes the memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon and of the Prince de Ligne. The period opened up is that of Napoleon's First Consulship, and although the letters and diaries quoted belong to the von Alvensleben family, of Kalbe, in Altmärk, the real heroine of the story they unfold is the young Baroness Cecile de Courtot, who fled to Kalbe from the very steps of the guillotine, and afterwards returned to Paris, as one from the dead, to enjoy the favour of the First Consul and the restoration of her property. The delicious quiet and garden fragrance of old German life—a life given up to "the cultivation of an exaggerated sentimentality and perfervid romance"—are mingled in the narrative with the horrors of Robespierre's reign, and the *crescendo* gaieties and splendours of Paris in the days when it was learning to give Napoleon *carte blanche*. The most striking record is of the interview granted by Napoleon to Cecile de Courtot in the matter of the restoration of her property, which had been torn from her in the Revolution. Cecile was able to remind the First Consul that they had met as boy and girl. He had rescued her from the attack of a bull at Brienne, in Champagne, in 1783; and a few years later she had shown her deliverer, by the gift of a laurel wreath at the Military College at Brienne, that she had not forgotten the service. On mention of this wreath the First Consul completely changed his manner, which had been cold and repellant:

Overwhelming emotion shone in his dark eyes and trembled in his voice when he spoke.

"So you were that sweet, kind girl, Mademoiselle? Oh, ask what you will of me, I promise you beforehand to

grant it—no matter what it is. Will you accept a pension—a post of any kind? You shall have your property back—I am more than overjoyed to have it in my power to serve you!"

You may imagine, my Annaliebe, how startled and amazed I was at this sudden outburst, this rapture of kindness, from the man who, but a moment before, had shown himself so stern and unapproachable! I had no answer ready; all I could do was to falter without reflection, "Oh, Sire, what have I done to deserve this gratitude?"

"What, this too!" broke in Bonaparte in a tone of measureless excitement. "The royal title—for the first time—from your lips, my dear, infallible little Prophetess! And once more your words will come true," he continued, with the strange, far-away look of a Seer. "Yes, I shall one day wear the crown and clasp the Royal mantle round my shoulders—now I know it for certain. You set that laurel wreath on my young head in the far-off days at Brienne—the laurel crown that was to be followed by so many others. You whispered to me then, 'May it bring you good luck!' and truly it did, as you very well know. I am a fatalist, Mademoiselle, and since you have foretold it me, I feel the Crown of France upon my brow, I see the Sceptre of the great Realm already in my hand! How can I ever thank you enough?"

The translation of these curious, if not too convincing, memoirs has been made, from the German, by Miss Jessie Haynes. (Heinemann. 9s.)

MISSIONS IN EDEN.

BY MRS. CROSBY H. WHEELER.

Eden is situated in the Valley of the Euphrates, under the shadow of Mount Ararat, and at Harpoot are the headquarters of an American mission of which Mrs. Wheeler has been an active member for forty years. This book is a kind of homely circular letter to inform those who are interested in the Christianising of Armenians of the progress of the good work. Here, for example, is a passage from the description of Euphrates College at Harpoot: "At the left, as we enter the hall, we find Professor Nahigian in the chemical room teaching physics. He is busy with experiments, and his class of juniors look bright and appreciative. He married our sweet Mariam. Further along are the recitation rooms, while on the right is the college hall. . . . Teacher Nazloo is here, and in her sweet, ladylike way is teaching a class in moral science. In a recitation room just beyond, Mrs. Wheeler is teaching a class in English literature. The girls are much interested in *Lady of the Lake*, judging from quotations written on the blackboard. Miss Barnum is teaching physical geography in the next room." The sidelights on Armenian life and character are not uninteresting, and the zeal of the author cannot but command respect. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

THE POETICAL WORKS OF
JOHN MILTON.

EDITED BY THE REV.
H. C. BEECHING.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF
JOHN MILTON.

FROM THE EDITION OF THE
REV. H. C. BEECHING.

The first of these volumes is a handsome library edition in one volume. Mr. Beeching adopts the principle of preserving the spelling, punctuation, and so forth used by Milton himself. This has been done comparatively rarely for Milton, although for Shakespeare often enough, and for many other poets in the antiquarian editions of the late Dr. Grosart. So far as Milton is concerned, Mr. Beeching makes out a good case for his method, pointing out in an Introduction that the poet evidently took pains to oversee the spelling of his works, and that upon a knowledge of it a correct appreciation of moot questions of rhythm and emphasis often depends. There are plenty of annotated Miltons, and Mr. Beeching has wisely contented himself in the present one with giving a full text, a slight *apparatus criticus*, and some good facsimiles of title-pages and handwriting. The general

effect of the original editions is very finely reproduced. The other volume is called the "Oxford Miniature Milton," and is an elegant little edition on India paper, light and suitable for the pocket. The text is that of Mr. Beeching, but the spelling is modernised. (Clarendon Press.)

Fiction.

Arden Massiter. By Dr. William Barry.
(T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

IN this novel Dr. Barry has poured out all his intimate knowledge of Italy—modern Italy; his appreciation of that Italy which has passed, and his aspirations concerning that Italy which is to come. *Arden Massiter* is one of the best English novels of Italy with which we are acquainted, and certainly we regard it as measurably superior to the author's previous books. It is full of emotion and a certain cultured sentimentality which pervades and poetises every sentence. Only a scholar could have written it; only a poet could have written it; and only a philanthropist could have written it. Dr. Barry combines these three "abilities"; and decidedly, with modern Italy for an objective, they all have full play and opportunity. *Arden Massiter* is a Socialist journalist, who goes out to the Peninsula under the impulsion of some vague sympathy. In London he has trafficked with the underworld of Italian political intrigue. In Rome he picks up the threads again, rather against his will. Unwittingly he kills a man, and lo! instantly he finds himself the doomed butt of the camorra and other sinister agencies. He takes refuge with his friends the ancient family of Sorelli, at their immemorial castle of Roccaforte. He falls in love with Costanza, pale daughter of princes—a figure beautifully drawn, but surely drawn under the influence of d'Annunzio. Roccaforte and Costanza are singularly like the castle and Massimilla in *The Virgins of the Rocks*. There is the same feeling, the same still atmosphere around them.

The events of the tale are tragic and dramatic, and the tension grows till it is finally broken. Episodes of brigands, beggars, conspirators, statesmen, and high-bred women follow one another quickly, and the theatres of them are heroic—faded but superb interiors, mountain heights, and the great streets of decayed capitals. *Arden Massiter* is a "full" book. It teems with incident, character, suggestion; it must be read slowly, savoured paragraph by paragraph; it shines everywhere with a notable distinction. Moreover, it is a homogeneous piece of excellent craftsmanship. The sole fault we would charge to it is a lack of brute strength. It is too mild, bland, and—shall we say it?—too "cultured." It is like a suave and broad-minded Italian prelate, who knows all men, all hearts, all histories, and who would be a man were it not for an ever present finicking tendency to use the panorama of life as a spectacle, to survey it with finger-tips gently touching, and embroider it with an exquisite discourse of his own sensations:

Ancient sculpture has always affected me like music, but not as the highly coloured, deeply shadowed modern harmonies which, in their melting of many tones together, leave one vibrant, yet exhausted, as after some passionate experience. No, rather like the fine, clear settings of Palestrina, I should say, which fall upon one out of a cloudless heaven. When I spent day after day contemplating in the still palaces this divine company from Olympus, or Thebes, or Thessaly, the intense and shining quietness could not fail to equalise the pulses of my blood. It was the expression of a beauty in which sense had little share. I call to mind certain mornings at the Vatican, when I seemed to have those imperial courts and stanze to myself. The universe, I could have dreamt, was white

sunshine—no refraction of its rays anywhere; but standing out fair and pure the deathless forms, each so individual, so consummately distinct, that they seemed victorious over mortal griefs by the very perfection of the attitude in which they fought and triumphed. There was a strange innocence, too, upon the youthful faces; by a miracle of art the flesh itself had all the tender purity of blossoms in their prime; gaze long enough and you had gone back to the world's childhood, when the spirit wrote its naïve desires upon a tablet of Parian marble, unstained as the snow which breath of man has never sullied. These figures had a kind of consecration, a detachment from our sorrows, that lifted me, like the tragedians' verses to which they so frequently took my thoughts, into an ever-enduring stillness beyond time and chance.

Who could find fault with such a passage? Yet it is the inmost spirit of that passage, and of a hundred others, that has somewhat marred *Arden Massiter* for us. We have a suspicion that, as some men are amateurs of rare books, so Dr. Barry must be an amateur of life—that he would give a high price for a rare experience and put it in a lovely binding and contemplate it for hours.

The Sky-Pilot. By Ralph Connor.
(Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

THIS tale of pioneer life, "beyond the great prairies and in the shadow of the Rockies," is well written (except where the writing becomes "fine"), and a passably sincere version of things that the author has observed. Mr. Connor knows his subject with thoroughness, and presents it dramatically. In fact, he is a story-teller. His chief fault—and we cannot condone it—is that he persistently sugars his stuff with sentiment, until the sweetness cloyes. The "sky-pilot" (minister, of course), Arthur Wellington Moore by name, who comes to take spiritual charge of Swan Creek, much against Swan Creek's desire, is one of those impossible heavenly saints that are found only in novels. A mild little man, he conquers the ranchers by the greatness of his game at baseball, humbly explaining that he "played a little at Princeton." Then the hymn-books begin to appear, and in a few weeks Swan Creek scarcely knows itself. At the end of the tale Arthur Wellington Moore dies, and the chapter is headed "The Pilot's Last Port." We might tolerate the pilot, for he has his qualities, but we certainly cannot tolerate Gwen. This is Gwen:

"Yes," assented Bill, "she's a leetle swift."

Then, as if fearing he had been apologetising for her, he added, with the air of one settling the question: "But she's good stock! She suits me!"

The Duke helped me to another side of her character.

"She is a remarkable child," he said, one day. "Wild and shy as a coyote, but fearless, quite; and with a heart full of passions. Meredith, the Old Timer, you know, has kept her up there among the hills. She sees no one but himself and Ponka's Blackfeet relations, who treat her like a goddess and help to spoil her utterly. She knows their lingo and their ways—goes off with them for a week at a time."

"What! With the Blackfeet?"

"Ponka and Joe, of course, go along; but even without them she is as safe as if surrounded by the Coldstream Guards, but she has given them up for some time now."

And so on for many chapters, just as if the Bret Harte school had never existed. It would be easy to find fun in *The Sky-Pilot*. Nevertheless, despite circumstantial evidence to the contrary, we are convinced that Mr. Connor in writing it was actuated by perfectly honest literary motives. He possesses much natural technical skill, but in the larger matter of attitude towards life he has a great deal to learn. Such a detail will not prevent many people from enjoying this naïve novel.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

JOAN OF THE SWORD HAND.

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

A long mediæval romance, crowded with characters whose business is mainly fighting and love making. Joan, Duchess Joan of Hohenstein, ruler "of that cluster of hill statelets which is called collectively Masurenburg," is a heroine after Mr. Crockett's heart. She fences better than most, she defies an unattractive bridegroom, she masquerades as a boy, and in the end marries the man of her choice. He is a Cardinal, but that is nothing to Mr. Crockett. An interview with Pope Sixtus in Chapter LIII., some talk about ducats, and then the "sweet-voiced choristers" and "the white-robed maidens" scattering flowers. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

THE GIFTS OF ENEMIES.

BY E. E. MILTON.

A readable novel by the author of *A Bachelor Girl in London*. A great deal hinges on a bet made by young Tim Ventris that he would marry the first girl who wore a hat trimmed with blue whom he met in the town. (A. & C. Black. 6s.)

THE PLAIN MISS CRAY.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

If a heroine is dubbed plain we know that she will do wonders, like Paganini's single string. When, therefore, the reader is told that Miss Cray had a voice which, though neither loud nor shrill, "had a singular quality of compelling attention," he knows that she will compel the right sort of attention in due time. A readable and amusing story by the hand that wrote *The House on the Marsh*. (White & Co. 6s.)

AINSLIE'S JU-JU.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

Ainslie's ju-ju, a talisman which possessed the power of protecting its wearer from sudden death, was "a little oblong of ivory, roughly carved in representation of a serpent's head, with curious characters graven upon it, somewhat resembling the signs of the zodiac upon the Accra rings." The story deals with an expedition to darkest Africa and the disasters that attended it, but the ju-ju ensures Ainslie's happy marriage at the close. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

THE ANGEL OF CHANCE.

BY G. G. CHATTERTON.

A comedy of a watering-place, with some neat character-drawing in it. The Angel of Chance (or Fate) brought it about that Clifford Anstey and Rachel Meredith "drifted together in so unorthodox a fashion that possibly the London County Council might have denied them a licence for it." In other words, they met in the sea, converging from their respective bathing machines. An amusing book. (Long. 6s.)

ALETIA.

BY BERTRAM MITFORD.

Mr. Mitford, who is known for his South African stories, here gives us a tale of the Boer War, in which he makes a courageous attempt to portray those Boers "who do not go to bed in their clothes, who do wash, and whose persons and dwelling-houses are distinguished by the ordinary conditions of cleanliness and civilisation." It is a refreshing change from the wearisome insistence upon the other side of the case. (White. 3s. 6d.)

LOVE'S GUERDON.

BY CONRAD H. CARRODER.

A typical domestic religious "romance of the West Country," compact of the Maypole Inn, Mrs. Loxton, the stony road to Netherdene Farm, and "We know from the Pauline epistles." (White & Co. 6s.)

HIS 'PRENTICE HAND.

BY SYDNEY PHELPS.

Sydney Phelps is, we suspect, a woman, and her story follows old-established feminine lines. The hero is Ralph Vivian, curate, a model of the manly graces. And in the end "Good luck to your fishing, little fellow!" says he to his wifelet: "you threw a good line and caught my heart over two years ago." "Will the line hold, Ralph?" asked Ethel, drawing closer to him. "Yes, for ever." (Long. 6s.)

THE SECOND LADY DELCOMBE.

BY MRS. ARTHUR KENNARD.

Another contribution to what may be called house party fiction. The society is the society that stays in country houses, and the conversation is continuous and steadfastly smart. Here is a passage: "He has chucked the Army, you know." "I didn't know. What brought on the crisis?" "Want of the needful." "What does he intend to do?" "Go into the land agency business, I believe." "Poor old girl!" "All the same a hundred years hence, I expect."

THE HOUSE OF HARDALE.

BY ROSE PERKINS.

Mr. Hardale was a banker, with all the outward signs which successful banking imparts. But he quarrelled with his son, and his son died. ("I have gone the pace," he wrote, "and Death, the grim old fellow who tarries at no man's bidding, is coming with long, swift strides down the shadowy way to hurry me off. It's consumption, dad; rapid.") But he left a child, and she, together with an unprincipled adventuress, gives life to the melodrama. (Long. 6s.)

OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE.

ANON.

This "Story of Evelyn Grey, Hospital Nurse," contains a seducer in the shape of a superlatively wicked High Church vicar, and other displeasing people, including the heroine, whose misfortunes seem to be at least as deserved as her ultimate happiness. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

VELDT AND LAAGER.

BY E. S. VALENTINE.

"Some of the tales in this book are true; some have been related by the Boers themselves;" all of them are intended to bring out the chief traits of Boer character. They should be popular in the sixpenny form in which they appear. (Methuen. 6d.)

A FLASH OF YOUTH.

BY C. J. HAMILTON.

A crude story of love, unfaithfulness, squalor, hymn-verses, and death-beds, covering twenty years and enacted in two hemispheres. The scamp of a husband returns at last to find his wife playing the "Moonlight Sonata." "She always plays when it's beginning to get near sun-down." Alethea dies and forgives. (Sands & Co. 6s.)

THE EXPERIMENT OF DOCTOR NEVILL.

BY EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.

To the fourth chapter of this pseudo-scientific novel the author prefixes the warning "To be skipped by the squeamish reader." With as good reason he might have placed these words on his title-page, for the whole novel is grim and gruesome reading. It tells how Lord Carsdale's recovery from an injury to his brain was brought about by the insertion into that organ of a portion of the brain of an executed murderer—with the drawback that his lordship promptly developed the murderer's traits. How this operation was justified, and how its evil effects were finally counteracted, and the hero's marriage with Lilian Wroughton rendered possible, we leave to the non-squeamish reader. (John Long. 6s.)

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The late Richard Hovey.

An American Poet.

ALL readers who take an intimate interest in contemporary verse probably know two slim little American volumes entitled *Songs from Vagabondia* and *More Songs from Vagabondia*, by Mr. Bliss Carman and Mr. Richard Hovey, a small edition of which was issued in this country by Mr. Elkin Mathews; and all who do know them will learn with regret that Mr. Hovey is dead. He died a few weeks ago of apoplexy, after undergoing an operation, and his age was only thirty-five. Thereby America loses one of her best poets, and from the world passes a clean, resolute, discriminating mind.

Richard Hovey was not a great poet, nor had he an abundant gift of music; but he loved the light and he loved the open air and he believed in men. He was also always on the side of youth, as lyric poets ought to be. He could write:

For we know the world is glorious,
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When His children have a fling.

There is no doubt that in Richard Hovey's poetical making Whitman was a great influence, and latterly in his work there were signs that he would not be unwilling to stimulate Americans as Mr. Kipling has stimulated England; but he was more himself than anyone else, and by adopting for the most part very free and easy measures this individuality was intensified. For there is no question that, except with the greatest, severe poetical forms are capable of tyrannising over a poet's intentions. Richard Hovey was happiest in this kind of irregular ecstatic chant:

I said in my heart, "I am sick of four walls and a ceiling.
I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass.
I will up and get me away where the hawk is wheeling,
Lone and high,
And the snow clouds go by.
I will get me away to the waters that glass
The clouds as they pass,
To the waters that lie
Like the heart of a maiden aware of a doom drawing
nigh
And dumb for sorcery of impending joy.
I will get me away to the woods.
Spring, like a huntsman's boy,
Halloos along the hillsides and unhoods
The falcon in my will.
The dogwood calls me, and the sudden thrill
That breaks in apple blooms down country roads
Plucks me by the sleeve and nudges me away.
The sap is in the boles to-day,
And in my veins a pulse that yearns and goads."

That is from a poem entitled "Spring." The same vein is pursued in "The Faun," which perhaps represents Mr. Hovey's best work in this manner. Here is a passage from "The Faun":

Oh, goodly damp smell of the ground!
Oh, rough sweet bark of the trees!
Oh, clear sharp cracklings of sound!

Oh, life's that's a-thrill and a-bound
With the vigour of boyhood and morning and the noon-
tide's rapture of ease!
Was there ever a weary heart in the world?
A lag in the body's urge, or a flag of the spirit's wings?
Did a man's heart ever break
For a lost hope's sake?
For here there is lilt in the quiet and calm in the quiver of
things.

Ay, this old oak, grey-grown and knurled,
Solemn and sturdy and big,
Is as young of heart, as alert and elate in his rest,
As the oriole there that clings to the tip of the twig
And scolds at the wind that it buffets too rudely his nest.

A man who writes like this, whatever his matter may be, is, we fear, to some extent shirking his responsibilities; but many readers care nothing for that provided the matter is to their mind. Mr. Hovey, however, could adhere to the demands of an intricate stanza when he liked, and in his very persuasive lyric called "The Wander-Lovers" he even invented, we believe, a new lilt. Thus:

Down the world with Maria!
That's the life for me!
Wandering with the wandering wind,
Vagabond and unconfined!
Roving with the roving rain
Its unbounded domain!
Kith and kin of wander-kind,
Children of the sea!

The poet had other moods than these. There is in his volume *Along the Trail*, published in America in 1898, another of those poems concerning Death, the most curious of which is perhaps James Thomson's grim fantasy entitled "In the Room" (in *The City of Dreadful Night*). Mr. Hovey writes in the person of a dead man awaiting burial. These are the last stanzas:

Ah, if she came and bent above me here,
Who lie with straight bands bound about my chin!
Ah, if she came and stood beside this bier
With aureoles as of old upon her hair
To light the darkness of this burial bin!
Should I not rise again and breathe the air
And feel the veins warm that the blood beats in?
Or should I lie with sinews fixed and shriek
As dead men shriek and make no sound? Should I
See her gray eyes look love and hear her speak,
And be all impotent to burst my shroud?
Will the dead never rise from where they lie?
Or will they never cease to think so loud?
Or is to know and not to be, to die?

To conclude, these lines from "The Quest of Merlin," in which the Angels address the old magician, indicate that Mr. Hovey had, perhaps, imaginative triumphs before him:

Put a bit in the teeth of the storm,
And a noose on the neck of the sea;
Say to ice, "Thou shalt keep me warm,"
And to air, "Be a bridge for me";
What hast thou gained for thy toil
But a vaster gulf for prayer?
Thy bread and wine and oil,
And still the darkness there?
Thou shalt measure the stars;
Orion and the Pleiades
Shall send thee embassies;
Thou shalt chart the cities of Mars;
Thou shalt sift Aldebaran
As gold dust in the pan;
Algol shall undusk
For thee his demon trouble; . . .
In vain! All is husk,
To be cast out with the stubble.

Among Mr. Hovey's other literary work, which included a good deal of criticism, was a volume of translations from Maeterlinck, published in 1894, including "Princess Maleine," "The Intruder," "The Blind," and "The Seven Princesses," the first translation, we believe, that America saw. Mr. Hovey latterly conducted courses in literature at Barnard College.

Things Seen.

The Rabbit.

I SAT by the open door of the cottage reading Richard Jefferies, alone, save for Adam, a rheumatic antique, who came, once a week, to tend the garden. When last I looked up from my book, I observed the crown of his head below the dip in the garden, bobbing as he dug. Turning again to my book, I read this passage:

There is a slight rustle among the bushes and the fern upon the mound. It is a rabbit who has peeped forth into the sunshine. His eye opens wide with wonder at the sight of us; his nostrils work nervously as he watches us narrowly. But in a little while the silence and the stillness reassure him: he nibbles in a desultory way at the stray grasses on the mound, and finally ventures out into the meadow almost within reach of the hand. It is so easy to make the acquaintance—to make friends with the children of nature. From the tiniest insect upwards they are so ready to dwell in sympathy with us—only be tender, quiet, considerate, in a word, *gentlemanly* towards them and they will freely wander around. And they all have such marvellous tales to tell—

At this point a shout from Adam broke into my reading, a high-pitched, compelling shout. The bobbing head had disappeared. I ran down the garden to find him lying flat on the ground, yellow earth heaped about him, and his venerable head and shoulders thrust into a hole; his hands were outstretched into the intricacies of the burrow, and his muffled voice was crying "I'll get him yet! I'll get him yet!" Then suddenly he uttered a grunt of pleasure, and his right hand grasped a ball of fur. With an exulting cry he dragged forth the rabbit. Then—it was done in a second—he broke its neck, and held the creature at arm's length. I saw the film pass over its eyes, and its little front paws cross themselves in the act of death. I touched the small warm body, and thought: "It was not easy for you to make friends with the children of man." And Adam said: "I'm almost wore out myself, but, thank God, I've still got the strength to make war on them vermin. Yes, vermin! Let one of them get inside your wire fence—and you'll know it. Last autumn I had forty wall-flowers; they nibbled thirty-five of them right down to the roots; and as to carnations, why a rabbit will come a mile to get one. Thought they was harmless little things, did you? I knows rabbits. I'd like to have a guinea for every hundred I've killed. Why, if I hadn't caught he there wouldn't have been a bit of green left in the garden."

The Preserve.

LAST Sunday afternoon, his father being away, I told my little nephew of the benevolence of nature, and that little boys must be kind to all flying and creeping things, even as God was kind to us. Afterwards having shown him the beauty of the world from an upper window, we put on our hats and went for a walk, observing the primroses by the brook side, the shy anemones, and the tender sprigs of green shooting from every dark twig. I explained to him how all that breathed—the insects, the birds, the moles, the rabbits and the mice alike felt the impulse of the awakening of spring, towards a busy, useful, joyous life. My little nephew listened, nodding his grave head. Presently we came to a wood dark with saplings, and there we saw the first butterfly—a yellow butterfly. "Look," said little Edward, "there's a fly-away primrose." I commended the simple simile, and explained to him (the conceit was excusable) how the happy little creature carried the glad tidings of spring from one unfolding flower to another and told each flower to be good and happy for spring had come. But Edward was not listening. His round eyes were fixed on a withering crow, half-eaten

by insects, whose neck had been stuck into the fork of a sapling. All along the side of the wood hung other crows—awful warnings! "Do crows like the spring, uncle?" asked Edward. "All God's creatures love the spring," I answered. "But it would never do to let them destroy the pheasants' eggs. So the keeper kills them and hangs them up as a warning to other naughty birds." Edward nodded his head. He was a wise child. We walked on. Presently he uttered a cry of delight. There, within two feet from the ground was a nest, and in it were two blue-speckled thrushes' eggs. Edward took one daintily between his fingers. "It's quite cold," he said; "and, uncle, what's the iron thing for?" I explained that the eggs were old eggs, that they tempted predatory birds, such as jays and magpies, to stand on the "iron thing," which was a trap to catch them by the leg, holding them sometimes all night. Edward reflected a moment, then he said: "Jays don't like the spring, and birds eat other birds' eggs." Presently Edward showed some inclination to examine a large squat steel trap that stood in the middle of the pathway, but I claimed his attention for a pretty, rounded sort of arbour shaped like a beehive, covered with grasses and trailing greenery. We peeped in. The floor was strewn with spent cartridges. Edward looked at me inquiringly. "That," I said casually, for he was not a boy to whom one could gloss the truth, "is where the man hides when he wants to shoot, er—er, wood-pigeons at his ease." On the way home Edward said, thoughtfully: "What lots of things they kill to preserve other things. Do they preserve them in glass cases, uncle?" "No," I answered, "they preserve them to shoot them." "Oh!" said Edward. When we reached home he told his father where he had been. "In the wood!" said his father. "Why, that's trespassing. If they had caught my little boy there they would have locked him up." "Father," said Edward, "you won't preserve me, will you?"

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE lady who describes herself as the author of *Amitié Amoureuse* has just published a sequel to that remarkable book. If it may be said that few sequels succeed, *Le Douce plus fort que l'Amour* is one of the most amazing failures I have ever read. We are introduced to a startling habit in fiction. The author continually jogs our memory by a footnote: "See *Amitié Amoureuse*." Surely the reader of the sequel of a story should be at liberty to remember or forget the former volume, and not be reminded in this authoritative and inartistic fashion in the presence of middle-aged friends who are saying nothing in particular that in a previous book they were burning lovers on the point of setting the Seine on fire. The author is no doubt a writer of considerable talent, witty, mordant, of wide culture, and of a morbid sensuality. As every chapter is headed by a translated quotation from Shakespeare, it is apparent that Mme. Lecomte du Nouy is an ardent student of that Immortal, and in her delineation of the passion of love she dots the *i's* with all the ruthless candour and precision of the seventeenth century. Denise and Philippe, the writers of those delightful letters of *Amitié Amoureuse*, here are shown in middle age of no particular charm or consequence. Hélène, so captivating as a child, is a young girl like another, sufficiently well-bred, pretty, and intelligent. That she has something of her mother's wit and mental independence is proved by the fresh and brilliant letters she can write, for the author's literary form of predilection is the epistolary, in which it must be admitted she excels. Here is a capital description of the provincial atmosphere of Tours, whither

Hélène is transported after her marriage with Jacques, the officer:

Talk of the *esprit de corps* of the regiment! That *esprit* seems to me the lack of all *esprit*. The cavalry despise the infantry and even the artillery. The titled officer avoids the untitled officer unless a bridge of gold unites them. Among the civilians you visit some and not others. Why? Mystery. And so we sulk the prefect, the magistrate. Brave young women wear themselves out uninvited to the garden parties and hunting parties where we shine; we have the bad manners to make up cliques most haughtily exclusive; we are devilishly provincial, we are idiots, but, but in the neighbouring castles we are received because we are "born and on horseback." Don't read it "born on horseback," which is not exactly what I meant, though even such an extraordinary adventure as that would give us a distinguishing touch. . . . Mamma, humanity is furiously stupid when it is not criminally hateful. . . . To have acquired my present predominant position I had to snare them with their favourite talk. The queen, the king, my father's friends, the celebrated ambassador, as appropriately flung into the air as a bunch of hair in the soup. I launch out also grandmother de Nimerck, my uncle Gerald, mentioning his prospective admirals, who married, you know, of course, Count Suénon's daughter—the Suénons, you remember, descendants of the kings of Denmark. This I murmur disdainfully, as who should say, you'll forgive them, I hope, for no longer reigning. I really can't understand why those Suénons should inflict this little humiliation upon us. . . . On the other hand, I say little about you. Good heavens! a mother called Denise Tremors, who doesn't like society, who will not deign to be an ambassadress, who is simply a great artist, scorning honours and gold, what, in conscience, can you expect me to make of her? In you, no food for my discreet charlatanism, I declare it emphatically."

It is greatly to be pitied that the author should not have given more attention to this narrow, intolerant, and vulgar provincialism so luminously touched off in a couple of pages and then dismissed, instead of dwelling so tiresomely on the eternal details of the wedded loves of Hélène and Jacques. And the tragic note, too, misses its effect because it is not treated with largeness or intensity. It would be difficult to conceive a character more common, insignificant, and uninteresting than Jacques de Luz, who lies clumsily, and defends himself grotesquely. He is the familiar type of officer, well-born, well-tailored, well-bred, no brains, a bit of a brute, with an inordinate and perfectly unjustifiable self-conceit. Women appear to delight in this kind of male, but in a novel, which is not a battle-field, he is a very inadequate hero. It is of so little importance to us whether Jacques killed his brother-officer or not; and the sorrows and doubts of Hélène leave us cold and unmoved.

When I saw the name of Anatole le Braz to the *Gardien du Feu* I hastened to read it, hoping it would prove some wild and mournful Breton legend. But no. It is a Breton tale spun round the vulgar and fatiguing theme of adultery, well told, with a sober and literary elegance, revealing the frightful ferocity that slumbers in the dreamy and good-natured Celt. This keeper of a Breton lighthouse is married to a beautiful creature he idolises, and who betrays him with his companion. When the husband discovers her infidelity, he sets himself to watch for a moment when the lovers shall be together to burn them alive. It is very Celtic and horrible.

M. Léon Daudet has written a new novel, *La Romance du Temps Présent*. The author, with a lamentable gravity, takes himself as a Great Man. He is exasperatingly pretentious. He has discovered his affinity in a certain unlettered Jacquemine, a creature of superlative beauty and untutored genius, born to understand him, the Great Man, the Man of Letters! Oh, for a breath of simplicity! Oh, for a genial blast of gaiety and unconsciousness! Even the cheerful blackguardism of Villon is a refreshment for the jaded readers of these endless pages devoted to the conscientious revelation of the Superior Man, the careful

cultivation of the genius of the Man of Letters. He is such a deadly dull modern bore, this Man of Letters! He is never for one moment foolish, or wistful, or absent-minded, or vague, or gay. He is never, never, never anything on earth but the self-conscious, attitudinising, sermonising, ridiculous Man of Letters. Such is M. Léon Daudet, with none of his illustrious father's gaiety and charm, none of his sunny temperament, none of his wit, humour, and exquisite art. He is a bore who writes very unpleasing French, and is content to regard himself as a scientific observer of life and men and manners—bless the thing, whatever it may mean.

H. L.

Correspondence.

"Stevenson Looks In."

SIR,—Mr. Brown is at vast pains to fabricate a phantom foe whom, after all, he fails to overcome. "In the literature of imagination the only irrefragable proof of genius is creative power." Has "genius" been claimed for Stevenson in the domain of imaginative literature, at least by those who appreciate him best and love him most? They are content to rest his hope of immortality upon his work as a moralist, to believe that while Browne and Steele and Lamb are read the subtler, more delicately-complex artist in life and emotion will not be forgotten. Two at least of the men I have named are assured of such chance of immortality as is open to any English writer. Is it by virtue of their "creative power"? In any case Mr. Brown should play fair. Let him overlook, if his artistic and ethical conscience allow him, the finest and most characteristic portion of Stevenson's work; let him restrict himself to that which is admittedly inferior. At least he should judge his author by what he himself proclaims that author's highest effort—*Weir of Hermiston*. Instead of which he falls foul of *Dr. Jekyll*! Ingenious? Yes. But honest? H'm!

Meanwhile is it true that in the "literature of imagination the only irrefragable proof of genius is creative power"? I presume the poems of Alfred de Musset and the novels of Honoré de Balzac are equally examples of the literature of imagination. It is easy to say which writer has the most creative power, harder to be sure which has the most genius, while it is safe betting that the poems will long outlive the novels. The creative power of Racine is immeasurably superior to that of La Fontaine, but the *bonhomme* is like to live as long as the author of *Phèdre*. There can be little doubt but that *Le Neveu de Rameau* displays a "creative power" in pathological psychology far transcending that of *Candide*. But if mankind had to choose between the masterpieces of Diderot and Voltaire, I know full well what the choice would be. Does the *Æneid* shine by its creative power, or, rather, is it not a supreme masterpiece in virtue of its "exquisite artistry"? I fancy, too, that Virgil (as also did Horace) "worried about the hang of the thing" quite as much as Stevenson. The whole of Horace's life-work goes easily into one volume of the Edinburgh edition. Is Horace the less one of the world's immortals in literature? Browning was certainly more careless than Tennyson "about the hang of the thing"? Is he the lesser genius in Mr. Brown's eyes?

One might go on asking such questions for ever, but it would be too cruel. The very reverse of what Mr. Brown contends for is the truth. The "radiant ones are on the heights" by virtue of "phrasemongery," by virtue simply of their saying something better than anyone else has said it. In the long run only what is "phrased" survives.

If Stevenson be held to have failed in imaginative literature, it is not because he sought too keenly for the right word, the right phrase, but because he often did not

find them. Hence his poetry is the weakest portion of his *œuvre*; the penalty of failure to find the right word is so far greater in verse than in prose. There are half-a-dozen of his tales which would be masterpieces but for the unconvincing phrase here, the second-rate word—the “interjected finger” of Mr. Moore’s criticism—there. One tale at least, *Olalla*, seems to me almost flawless. Almost, but alas! not quite. With Ruskin’s music ringing in my ears, I still think the close of that noble and beautiful story the finest passage in English prose for the last half century.

Indeed, Stevenson is like to become “classic” in the true sense of the word, and in a measure denied to any other English writers of the half century save those equally careful “phrasemongers” Tennyson and Ruskin. I make bold to predict that the chrestomathies of 1950 will contain far more examples from Stevenson than from Mr. Meredith or Mr. Hardy. If creative power were indeed as Mr. Brown imagines the supreme note of genius, then Mr. Meredith might claim to rank with the highest. But mankind at large will in the future, as in the past, continue to regard expression as the chief gift of the artist.—I am, &c.,

ALFRED NUTT.

SIR,—It is difficult to understand why Mr. Vincent Brown, in a paper entitled “Stevenson Looks In,” published in your issue of April 7, should have been at the pains to reproduce the critical remarks and—if I may be allowed to say so—the rather nauseating familiarities of a certain Watchman towards someone whom he mistook for the late Robert Louis Stevenson. It was certainly a case of mistaken identity, for R. L. S. has long since—alas!—gone to his own place; and be that where it may, it is assuredly not the place where good Watchmen go to. Nor, despite the gentle kindliness of his nature, was Stevenson the man to suffer a—Watchman—gladly.

So much for the manner, for the matter of the Watchman’s criticisms one can but shrug one’s shoulders and pity the poor man. Carlyle has pointed out that we can only see in anything what we have brought with us the power of seeing—and there is the whole trouble in a nutshell. But from the wordy maze of depreciation I disentangle three definite charges.

First. That Stevenson was not a genius. It is a question for posterity. Certainly, we, who still hear the voice and feel the touch of the dead man we never saw in the flesh, cannot claim to be impartial judges. But can the Watchman so claim?

Second. That Stevenson was a decadent because—’tis a strange definition, but let it pass—his work had no spiritual significance. Is there no spiritual significance in the Visitor who came to Markheim in the house of murder, in the piteous abasement of debased Huish, in the talk with the old Cevennes peasant in *Travels with a Donkey*, in the incident of the overturned canoe in *An Inland Voyage*? He that hath eyes to see let him see.

Third. That Stevenson had no creative power. This again is clearly a matter of opinion and of discernment. But the Watchman settles finally the question of his own fitness to pronounce judgment when he says it is so because all the things which Stevenson did had been done before. In a sense this is, of course, true; but any Literature Primer, or Mr. Vincent Brown himself, could have told him that this disgraceful defect was shared by Shakespeare also—to mention one name only.—I am, &c.,

Notting Hill: April 17, 1900.

CHALONER LYON.

That Epigram.

SIR,—Our “Bookworm” is, I think, right in rejecting the numerous claimants for the “curate’s eyes” epigram; but has he searched for it in the epigrams of the late Mr. R. E. Egerton Warburton, of Arley, co. Cheshire, of hunting song celebrity? There are numerous editions of

his poems, and the above subject is treated there in a somewhat better literary form than any of those yet given to us in your columns.

Some people praise our curate’s eyes.—
Their colour I cannot divine;
He always shuts them when he prays,
And when he preaches, closes mine.

As to Mr. Crossley’s authorship, I well recollect his coming over to Arley, in the early seventies, and taking notes of what interested him there—*e.g.*, the legend over front door:

This gate is free to all good men and true.
Right welcome thou—if worthy to pass through.

So that he may have entered the epigram in question in his note-book.—I am, &c.,
ROBERT BAILEMAN.
Benthall Hall, Broseley: April 17, 1900.

The Missing Word.

SIR,—The award in the above-named competition does not seem to me a very satisfactory one. Scotch, Irish, and Welsh people would not, I am perfectly certain, care to be referred to as Englishers. After reading Ancient Briton’s letter in the last number of the ACADEMY, I should think Briton would be a more suitable term. Why Englisher should be chosen I fail to see, as that word, like Anglo-Saxon, also excludes the “Celtic fringe,” and has no more better claim to cover all British subjects than the words Scotlander or Irelander would. I am afraid, whatever word may be found suitable, it cannot be Englisher, which is a name that all true-hearted Scotsmen, Irish, and Welsh would instantly object to.—I am, &c.,
H. LOGAN.

Sandgate, Prestwick: April 16, 1900.

A. J. E. writes: “In relation to Mr. Arnold White’s letter, and the words I submitted for your last week’s Competition, I beg to send you some lines for publication”:

INVOCATION!

’Tis thy glory, England—thou in the cause of Right
Hast won, and in that cause alone, would’st win, lands
Glad to yield thee empire, and for thy Empire fight:
Then, call them not thy Colonies, but—*Kinlands!*

Own their people kindred, forth to the world aloud,
Despite the plaint of narrow-minded Inlanders:
Yea, speak thou them as Mother, of her offspring proud:
I hail ye, loyal children, as—*My Kinlanders!*

In reference to this competition another correspondent suggests the word “Shakespearian.”

Maeterlinck and the “Contemporary Review.”

SIR,—If Miss Underhill works as hard at understanding Maeterlinck’s French as she has done at misunderstanding my English, even “Serres Chaudes” ought to have no mysteries for her. The phrase in her first letter to which I objected was as follows: “In all these plays [Miss Underhill had mentioned five] Mr. Ropes, while denying Maeterlinck the dramatic gift, allows his power over the chords of pity and dread—but rather thinks Mr. Kipling does it better.” What Miss Underhill really meant to refer to by the word “it” in this somewhat loose sentence I will not undertake to say; but I took “it,” naturally enough, as meaning the exciting of pity and dread generally in the minds of readers. In that case, Miss Underhill’s words, whether with or without her own intention, implied that I had compared Kipling with Maeterlinck *generally*, and declared the former to be the greater master of pathos and terror.

As I had done nothing of the kind, I explained what my allusion to Kipling really was. While I was dis-

cussing "L'Intruse," I, of course, mentioned Maeterlinck's method of producing an effect of supernatural horror in that play, and pointed out that Kipling, Maupassant, and others use a similar method in introducing the supernatural. But I said that to my mind the novelists were "more convincing"—or, to quote the Fat Boy, they "make your flesh creep" more than does Maeterlinck's "Intruder." This does not imply that Kipling and Maupassant are able to touch "the chords of pity and dread" with greater mastery than is shown by Maeterlinck. Supernatural horror is only one of these chords, and by no means the finest. Sheridan Le Fanu "does it better" than Kipling, some think.

But my simple explanation seems to have confused Miss Underhill entirely. "It appears," she says, "that his languid praise of Maeterlinck's use of the supernatural applies to 'L'Intruse' alone. I [Miss Underhill] credited him with perceiving the same fine qualities in 'L'Intérieur' (*sic*) and 'Les Aveugles.'" It was the comparison with Kipling, not the praise of Maeterlinck, languid or otherwise, that I restricted to "L'Intruse"; although, as the supernatural element comes in at the very end of "Les Aveugles," and does not come in at all in "Intérieur," I do not see what great difference that makes. I tried to do justice to "Les Aveugles" and "Intérieur" in their proper place, and Miss Underhill herself acknowledged that I had treated the latter play "with something like fairness." But no matter; Miss Underhill goes on to say, "I now gather that he did not mean to say that 'Mr. Kipling did it (the gradual accumulation of terror) better' than Maeterlinck." Let me point out that I never said that "Mr. Kipling did it better" than anybody; the words are Miss Underhill's own.

But in her first letter Miss Underhill never defined what she meant by "it"—never hinted that it referred to "the gradual accumulation of terror," or to the introduction of the supernatural. In fact, the latter subject is not even mentioned in her first letter. How was I to know that she meant to refer to the supernatural—if she did—by that accommodating "it"?—I am, &c.,

April 14, 1900.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

[This correspondence must now cease.]

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

SHAKESPEARE THE MAN.

By GOLDWIN SMITH.

Prof. Goldwin Smith is a man of such mental range and activity that almost any serious work may be expected from him at any time. His *Guesses at the Riddle of Existence* has a kind of titular affinity to this guess at the riddle of Shakespeare's existence. The author does not hunt for facts. All the labours of Shakespearean biographers have produced, in his estimation, only "entries in municipal records, names on a roll, a lease, or an inventory," &c. "That orange has now been squeezed dry. It would seem better worth while to consider under what general influences—social, political, and religious—the life was passed." Prof. Smith considers this in seventy-and-seven pages, with margins wide enough for an S.T.C. to annotate every sentence. (Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

MAKERS OF LITERATURE.

By GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

Essays on Matthew Arnold, Landor, Shelley, Lamb, Whittier, Byron, Crabbe, and others. They are reprints of articles from American reviews and magazines united by no other bond than that they "comprise all of the

author's critical work which it seems desirable to reprint." Re-reprint would be the better word, since many of the papers appeared in 1890 and the title *Studies in Letters and Life*. (Macmillan.)

By THE REV.

THE GENIUS OF PROTESTANTISM. R. M'CHEYNE EDGAR.

This is a thick-and-thin defence of the Reformation. The following passage in the Preface seems to shut out discussion: "And between two systems which treat so differently 'the faith once for all delivered to the saints' it ought not to be difficult to decide. No thoughtful inquirer will commit himself to Rome's policy of mere expediency, when he has the alternative of a completed Canon and the promised aid of the Holy Spirit. No one, moreover, will quarrel with the Reformation who has taken the time and trouble to appreciate the Protestant spirit." It is just possible that the thoughtful inquirer will decline such partial guidance as Mr. M'Cheyne Edgar promises (Oliphant. 6s.)

THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH.

By JOHN BLACK ATKINS.

Mr. Atkins has been representing the *Manchester Guardian* in South Africa, and readers of his account of the war in Cuba, contributed in despatches to the same newspaper, will be prepared for good work. In his Cuban book Mr. Atkins gave the spirit as well as the facts of the struggle, and was prodigal of anecdote and telling by-way touches. (Methuen. 6s.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Hort (Fenton John), *Village Sermons in Outline* (Macmillan) 6/9
Pro Christo et Ecclesia (Macmillan) net 4/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Gardner (E. G.), *Temple Primers: Dante* (Dent) net 1/0
Ordinale Conventus Vallis Caunium: The Rule of the Monastic Order of Val-des-Choux in Burgundy. With an Introduction by W. De Gray Birch (Longmans) net 20/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Geddie (John), *Romantic Edinburgh* (Sands & Co.) 6/0
Do: alison (Gertrude), Crumbs Gathered in the East (New Century Press) 3/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Haberlandt (Dr. Michael), *Temple Primers: Ethnology* (Dent) net 1/0
 Sweet (Henry), *Temple Primers: The History of Language* (Dent) net 1/0
 Carus (Dr. Paul), *The Soul of Man* (Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago) 3/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Norton (H. G.), *A Book of Courtesy* (Macmillan) 2/6
 Fort (Henri), *Elementary Swedish Grammar* (Nutt)
 Wright (Dr. J.), *Elementary French Grammar* (Nutt)
 Otto (Dr. Emil), *Elementary German Grammar* (Nutt)

JUVENILE.

Wide World Adventure (Newnes) 2/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Queen's College, Galway: *Calendar for 1899-1900* (Univ. Press, Dublin)
 The Journal of Theological Studies. April (Macmillan) net 3/0
 Harrison (Evelyn), *Home Nursing* (Macmillan) 4/6
 Birch (W. de Gray), *Catalogue of Seals in the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum. Vol. VI* (The Trustees)
 The Annual of the British School at Athens. No. V. (Macmillan)
 Brummel and Beau. *Department for Dukes, and Tips for Toffs.* (Simpkin, Marshall) 1/0
St. Nicholas. Vol. XXVII (Macmillan)
The Century Magazine. Vol. LIX (Macmillan) 10/6

NEW EDITIONS.

Library of English Classics: Boswell's Life of Johnson. 3 vols. (Macmillan) each 3/4
 The Confessions of Saint Augustine (Kegan Paul) net 15/0
 Crawford (F. M.), *Saracinesca* (Blackwood) 0/6
 Jørgensen (Alfred), *Micro-Organisms and Fermentation. Third Edition.* (Macmillan) net 10/0

* * * New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volume of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.

Parodied Proverbs.

Our Weekly Prize Competition.

RESULT OF NO. 30 (NEW SERIES).

THE taste of parodying proverbs seems, even at Eastertide, to be popular, and a great number of results of the wisdom of many, the wit of one, and the ingenuity of one more, have reached us. Best we like this, sent by Mr. J. J. Bell Northcote, Downhill-gardens, Glasgow:

A Pat may look at a Queen.

Among others are:

Duplicity's the brother of convention.

[J. G. B., Liverpool.]

More waist less speed.

[F. S., Cambridge.]

It's a wrong gain which has no earning.

[H. W. D., London.]

It's a long worm that has no turning.

[G. J. L., Lismore.]

[H. M. S., West Malvern.]

A switch in time saves crime.

[M. B., Derby.]

[A. E. W., Inverness.]

Other replies: C. S. O., Brighton; E. B., Liverpool; F. B., Yorkshire; A. R. R., London; Peggy, London; O. E., Matlock; H. T., Epsom; A. E. T., Clifton; G. N., Clifton; D. R., London; M. A., Eastbourne; M. E., London; L. L., Ramsgate; J. H. S., Buxton; F. H. J., London (see rules); F. E. W., London; B. H., London; F. A. A., Windermere; R. F. M. C., Whitby; R. W., Sutton; D. F. H., London; P. K., London; Miss E., London; J. L., London (see rules); S. S. M., Edinburgh; C., Redhill; J. L. H., London; G. W. S., London; F. v. S., London; L. M. L., Stafford; A. W., London; S. T., Redhill; T. C., Buxton; A. A., Southport; B. R., London.

Competition No. 31 (New Series).

We offer a prize of a guinea this week for the best list of the twelve most popular characters in Dickens, in their order of popularity. Everyone has his own favourites—one would put Mr. Micawber first, another Mr. Pickwick, a third would vote for Mark Tapley, a fourth for Captain Cuttle, and so on. In judging this competition we shall resort to the *plébiscite* method, selecting for the prize the list which corresponds in the greatest number of items with the general sense.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, April 24. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 321, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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